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# The Classic, March 1897

Northwestern Classical Academy

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Henry Hosper

MARCH, 1897.

# The Classic.

PUBLISHED AT ORANGE CITY, IOWA.

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HERALD PRINT, ORANGE CITY.



# The Northwestern Classical Academy.

**T**HIS is an Institution of Learning, designed to prepare boys and girls for college, or, if it be preferred, to fit them directly for various stations in life by laying the basis of a sound, liberal education.

THE ACADEMY is a Christian Institution, and as such recognizes the important fact that true education effects the heart and the character as well as the mind. To combine moral with mental training is, therefore, considered its reason for existence and its mission. To that end the study of the English Bible is included in the course.

The present corps of teachers numbers five :

JAMES F. ZWEMER, A. M.  
ANTHONY TE PASKE, A. B.  
PHILIP SOULEN, A. M.  
CORNELIA A. VAN DER LINDEN, A. B.  
HENRIETTA ZWEMER,

## STUDIES.

To the full curriculum of previous years the study of the German language and literature has been added.

Adequate provision has also been made to afford by normal instruction, a competent training for those who expect to teach in our public schools. The studies have been arranged very carefully and are designed for mental discipline and development ; for preparation for college, or for occupations where scholarship is in demand.

## THE RAPELYE LIBRARY AND READING ROOM.

This Library contains some 3000 volumes; among which two sets of Encyclopædias and other books of reference will be found especially helpful to students.

## EXPENSES.

The expenses are moderate, tuition is free. The cost of board and rooms can be best regulated by the students themselves, or by their parents. This item of expense will be found a moderate one in Orange City.

For the sake of meeting incidental expenses a fee of twelve dollars will be required from each student for the school year. Half of this is payable in September and the other half at the beginning of the second term.

The entire expense ranges between \$100 and \$150 per annum. Boarding houses, and students clubbing arrangements are to be approved by the Principal.

A board of education has recently been established. Out of the funds of this board, deserving students who need it receive support during the school year.

## LOCATION.

The Academy is located at Orange City, the county seat, a station on the Chicago, & Northwestern railroad, near the junction of said road with the St. Paul & Omaha railroad at Alton, four miles eastward, and with the Sioux City & Northern at Maurice, eight miles westward. On account of the extent of the Northwestern railway system, Orange City is easily accessible from all directions. Owing to its location in the Northwestern section of Iowa, it can readily be reached from the Dakotas, Nebraska and Minnesota.

For Catalogue and particulars as to courses of study and text books, address the Principal.

REV. JAMES F. ZWEMER, Orange City, Iowa.

# The Classic.

Volume VI.

March.

Number 5.

## Literary.

### Not What We Seem, But Are.

**I**T IS evident that man will be respected as he appears in life, and it is therefore one of our great duties and responsibilities to look out how we appear in this world, avoiding even the least carelessness concerning the impression which we are going to make upon our fellowmen.

It is not because it has become a custom of time, and therefore respected, that the warrior wears a uniform, and every soldier as belonging to his own regiment, a different one; but it is proven in time of war how necessary such is not only for himself, but especially for his fellow soldiers, and even to his superiors, in order that it may be seen and known to which side he belongs.

Preferable, I admit, would it sometimes have been, when he, fallen into the hands of the enemy, would have been able to change his garment into one similar to that of his foe; but double woe, if afterwards he shall have been discovered as being a coward, traitor, or spy; deadly despised by every good hearted warrior.

How true a picture is this of what holds true in daily life! It is possible to please people for a while, in some way or other, by deeds or words which by a false appearance we have borrowed from others, but no sooner have they discovered that it is far from being own material, or they will turn their backs, and cry for revenge upon the deceiver, to whom they before would have been willing to bring the loudest applause.

Another still more desirable virtue

therefore is to appear as we are, and then to lead such a life as seems to us most desirable.

That men can hardly be satisfied with all the imperfection which he observes within himself is natural. That he will be afraid that others may discover his failures, and for that reason he will try to cover his dark spots with a white curtain, and, if possible, place himself in a different light, can be easily understood; but that he ought to do such fairly and squarely, not abusing the ignorance of others concerning his person, neither using unjustifiable means to reach his end, is a fact which never should be forgotten.

"Not what we seem, but are." It seems a phrase hard to understand, and where it is diagrammed upon the page of human life, it is always the same mistake, which we are liable to make. Knowing the rule for construing a sentence, it seems as we were forgetting that the meaning of a sentence depends entirely upon its construction; and again and again we recast the sentence, and read as if there were written, "Not what we are, but seem."

It is only the little babe in the cradle in whom we do not find, as far as our eyes can see and our mind can discover, an instance of the difference between reality and appearance.

But no sooner has it experienced the wrongdoings of itself and of others, and long before it goes to school, this very evil occupies a pre-eminent place in its heart. And will it disappear when the innocent child has grown up to a young man or young woman? Ah! how difficult



it is to teach them the truth of these few words. It seems as if there was opposed to this doctrine, posted on every corner of the street, the devils signboard, to which we seem so ready to give a listening ear, with following inscription: "The End Justifies the Means." Ah! how would a Socrates have protested against this doctrine when he already, nearly 600 B. C., though without the light of Christianity, understood man's character, and far from giving it any more occasion for its wrongdoings, taught the following doctrine: "Know Thyself."

But whether we believe this or not, whether we observe the true doctrine of a Socrates, which is so closely related to Christianity, or give a listening ear to our own heart and follow the example of so many a Jesuit, who bearing a name sounding almost like the sweetest of all names, but hidden within the mask of an utmost despised creature, still the cry sounds the same and remains forever unchanged, namely, "Not what we seem, but are."

It is not very difficult to mislead our companions for a while by a false show, and some people seem to understand this deception exceedingly well, but for how long a time will such be a success?

There are too many trials and temptations in this world that we should not be obliged to make a trial occasionally of our real actions and being; and who dares hope that he who hath appeared as a true, brave and faithful citizen, while he really bore the image of a low, mean and unworthy being, will be able to endure this proof, and come out uninjured and undiscovered?

But even if we should be able to conduct the way of our life along such a line that we never would be unmasked by others, even then, who would prefer such a life? How do we love that true hearted character, that by its first appearance already takes possession of our affection,

and in whose features we read, "Worthy your confidence."

And again, what are in life itself the results as taught by experience. Where do we find our great men, and among what class of people did we find them in years gone by? Are they not found among those who were modest and humble in life and true in character. A student may flatter his teachers and superiors by any kind of work whatever appears to him to be proper, but at the end of his course it will be proven to others and experienced by himself whether his means led him to his edification or distraction.

Reality, when written upon the banner of every youth and constantly carried before him, and kept in view under all circumstances of life, may often cast out many a flattering friend, and make men feel as if he stood alone upon this great scene; but surely, by a little patience it gains friends as true and reliable as a Jonathan, and it will make him such to others.

But still another fact remains us. As men occasionally will cast a glance at the days gone by, and while reviewing his life he must blush and shame on account of all those vices, how much more must it than be mean and despicable, yes even highly offensive in the eyes of a Divine Being who knows not but right and righteousness? B. B. '98.

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#### A Christian Training Essential to Good Citizenship.

THE CHIEF end of man is to glorify God, and prepare himself for usefulness in both church and state. It is believed by many that politics has no place in religion, and that by all means the church must be held aloft from politics.

It may be advisable to keep the church and the state independent of one another; but wherein lies the hope of pure government in the future if the youth is not taught to lead a moral life; and how shall

he learn to lead such a life if not instructed in youth? Is it not true that in our schools the all important element of education, which is the moral and spiritual element, is often sadly neglected, and the youth trained only mentally and physically? Our Creator has endowed us with a threefold life; namely body, mind and soul. All three need development, but not the least does the spiritual life need this training. It is the great duty of man to learn self-control, and to realize his duty toward himself and toward others. These virtues should be impressed upon the mind of every youth. He shall then learn to obey law, respect authority, and cherish a love for right; he shall learn to be loyal to his God and to his country. He shall learn to practice good citizenship and to love his country.

The pioneers of America, such as the Pilgrim Fathers, the Puritans, and the Quakers, were men of deep religious feeling. They came to this country chiefly for the purpose of finding a home where they might worship God according to the dictates of their conscience. As a nation we may feel grateful for having such founders and that we may justly call ours a Christian nation. But when we compare, religiously, the condition of the present time, with that of our forefathers, we regret to say it is not what it was then, and much less what it ought to be. Theories are afloat which tend to undermine government, and which refuse to recognize the authority established by the Most High. Selfishness and avarice are becoming the ruling motives; and men overlook everything in order to satisfy their ambition, and to gain their ends. From the nature of these motives it may be inferred, that if continued, a serious reaction will be inevitable.

The question arises how may this be remedied? How may the spirit which so characterized our forefathers, be re-established? It may be remedied by the edu-

cation of the youth in the real duties and in the chief end of life, by instilling in his mind a love for his country, obedience to its laws, and an active interest in the things which effect him as an individual, and which concern and promote the welfare of his nation. Let him be taught that such advancement is founded upon pure religion; and he will see that no nation, which, though apparently it may stand in the foremost ranks of civilization and externally may seem to flourish, enjoys the happiness and peace she could enjoy if she does not recognize God as the Creator and ruler of all, and establishes His will as the basis of her laws.

L. BOVE, '99.

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#### Good Citizenship.

A CITIZEN, in the general sense, is an inhabitant of a country or state, having all the rights or privileges to vote and help make the laws of his country. Formerly, a citizen was usually an inhabitant of a city or town.

A person born in this country is a citizen by birth. These are usually the best kind of citizens. They do not know the manners and customs of any other country but their own, and so they do not love any other as well either.

It is quite easy for a foreigner to become a citizen of this country. All he has to do is to take an oath, and secure his naturalization papers. This is done to encourage immigration, but, since this is no longer necessary, the naturalization laws ought to be more restrictive. As the citizens are, so is the state; and if they are good citizens, they usually form a good nation. Therefore, it is of great importance what kind of people we make citizens of our country. Seldom are the naturalized citizens as good as others.

Such citizens living in the country do not influence the state very much; but it is often quite different in our large cities. There many of the working class are for-



eigners who come from the lowest class of society in Europe. They are usually ignorant and uneducated and not unfrequently belong to some league of anarchism or socialism. They usually flock together in the large cities, retain their manners and their language, and also their political creed, and are nothing but a detriment to our country.

Indirectly we are responsible for having such citizens and therefore our naturalization laws should not allow ignorant foreigners to become citizens. The good citizens must usually bear a part of the dishonor of the bad ones. Just so it is in our literary society: the large majority of good members must suffer on account of the behavior of a few disorderly members.

A good citizen is always loyal to his country, no matter in what condition his country may be. There may be many things he does not like; he may not like a high protective tariff, a gold standard, or free silver; he may not like monopolies or millionaires, still the country is his own; he belongs to it. He loves his country, because it is his home and because its laws protect him. He will do whatever the country may demand of him and he will, at all times, do what he thinks best for his country.

Looking over modern history we find that nothing promotes the civilization of a state more than religion. Although the Christian religion has by far the greatest influence upon the character of the people, still history proves that any religion has some similar effect. There are many instances of this especially among the early Romans. Those kings that had a deep religious nature were usually more successful in their reign than others.

Every christian is usually a good citizen, but not every good citizen is a good christian. There are some people who think that a christian ought not to mingle in politics and in other state affairs. They seem to think that their religion in-

cludes that they must live for their church and not for their country, that all their interest should be in the welfare and the progress of their church. I do not agree with them on this point. Every christian ought to be well versed in all state affairs. The state is composed of the people. We, individually, are a part of the state and, therefore, I consider it a part of the christian's religion to do whatever he can for the welfare of the country.

There was a time at Rome and also in Greece when the occupation of a man was taken in consideration whether he could be a citizen. Even such men as Cicero and Aristotle claimed that all artisans or mechanics, or anyone engaged in manual labor, could not be a good citizen. The condition of these states was very corrupt and continually growing worse, and it had a good reason why.

It was not the orations of such men as Cicero nor the doctrines of such men as Aristotle that made them good citizens. And so it is not the occupation or position of a man that makes him a good citizen, but what is in him. Whatever line of business we pursue, we are all equally able to be true citizens of our country.

So it is in religion. There is no particular profession that makes us more religious than others. It is not that which is on the surface, however bright it may seem, that determines our natures, but what is under it.

Every good citizen ought to speak the language of his country. I cannot understand why some people try to retain the language and manners of some foreign country, and still claim this country and its people as their own. The people of the same habits, customs, and manners belong together. The unity of these matters is that which binds them together with love for each other. Nobody can love his country if he does not love its language and its customs, and nobody really belongs to a country, nor can feel at home in such until he becomes used to

its customs and the use of its language. In this respect, I admire the Northmen, for "in Russia, they became Russians; in France, Frenchmen; in England, Englishmen." J. V., '98.

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#### Fools.

FOLLY AND subtlety divide the greatest part of mankind; and there is no other difference but this, that some are crafty enough to deceive, and others are foolish enough to be deceived. Yet the scales also turn; for they that are the most crafty to deceive others are the greatest fools, and frequently deceive themselves.

A man may rob his neighbor of his money, but he robs himself of his earthly all, viz., freedom; he may disturb his neighbor's rest, and vex his own conscience; he may make poverty to be his neighbor's portion, and damnation to be his own.

Man entered the world alone, but as soon as he met with his companion, his wife, he met with two to deceive him—the serpent and Eve, joined first to make him a fool and then to make him miserable. But he first deceived himself in believing a lie and was anxious to believe the whispers of a tempting spirit, and so he made a fool of himself before he fell, that is, he had within him a false understanding and a depraved will before he consented.

And so it is with the greater part of the human race, apt to be deceived, and so loving it, that if nobody else will fool them they will make fools of themselves. The nature of many seems to be inclined to know more than they can, and wish to be more than they really are; so they take a jump longer than the stick can reach.

Others listen to the flattery of those about them, and through their ignorance they finally believe that they are great men, and are able to accomplish great deeds because others say so.

There is still another division who want to be great, and with their finite mind dwell upon subjects of which they can form no idea, and because they are too ignorant to understand, they sit down confounded in their own conceptions, and conclude that it cannot exist, because they cannot understand it. Those belonging to the last class are undoubtedly the greatest fools of all. Who in the world can be a greater fool, a more ignorant person than the infidel, than he who does not believe, who does not understand, or rather will not, that there is a Higher Power unless he sees or feels it?

A man may better believe that there is not such a man on earth as he himself, rather think that he has the power to regulate the celestial bodies and that they will obey his commands, than that there is no God. And what fool would come to such an idea?

Then can there be anything more foolish in this world than to think all the works of heaven and earth to have come by chance, when all the skill and the art of men is not able to give life to the smallest insect?

To see all these wonderful effects without a cause; a splendid government without a king; a time without eternity, a second without a first, a thing that can impossibly begin from itself, and then when it is, to say it is without a source, these things are so against natural reason that such a man must be a beast in his understandings. This is the infidel. Indeed a fool he must be who says, "There is no God!" That is his character: the thing framed says that nothing framed it; the tongue never made itself speak, and yet talks against him that did, saying that which is made is, and that which made it is not.

But still we find another class of fools in our catalogue which must not be overlooked, not fools in deed but fools in name, to whom this attribute was ap-



plied because they sought the general welfare of society. Washington and William of Orange were called fools, for they displayed the lion hearted courage of heroes, and showed their extreme love for their country.

Martin Luther was called a fool because he dared to face the tyrannical power of Rome, to stand up for right and justice, and feared not when he was summoned before the Diet of Worms, to point out the follies and abuses of Catholic church in the faces of the princes, nobles and clergy of Germany, nay not even in the very face of the Pope himself. So the title of "fool" is sometimes annexed to a man's name that through this the burning hatred of his enemies might be cooled down; but when for such a cause, it is no disgrace—for such a cause, I say, let us all strive to become fools. W. B., '97.

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#### A Dutchman's Diary.

(FROM DUTCH INTO ENGLISH.)

ON BOARD a ship was a certain Wim Ponw. "zonder vrouw," a bachelor, who having lived all the forty-five years of his life in the Netherlands, decided to go to "Amerika," or rather the United States. He had a liberal share of worldly possessions, and having worked hard for them, wanted some enjoyment after his long years of labor.

Wim, as he was commonly called, had studied but very little of the English language, and that without anyone's assistance. Desiring to become accustomed to it and speak it freely, he decided to write, with the help of a Dutch-English dictionary, a description of his voyage.

It would certainly be too lengthy and too tiresome if I should rewrite the whole diary, but for your benefit I shall take some of the most idiomatic parts. Perhaps you will wonder how I obtained this diary. Years after it was written the author showed it to me, and gave me the

permission to read it. As he is now no more in the land of the living, I think I can, with propriety, render parts to others besides myself.

"May 15th—At last I am on the ship. The weather is zoo nice and soft, no little wind is blowing, everyting is awfully stil. In my own little wood, I thought I would haul up my heart and go to Amerika. I am now sitting with an open ram, but it pulls here so I take out my night-cap, a nice one. I got it for een present up my birthday. It is a blue one mit bright green streeps, and a long plume at the end of it. The people near me, stick me de fool on.

"May de 16t—I have no pull for eating, it goes to my heart, but I can't eat. My head is zoo funny. I fall down incessantly. I wish I had not left my vader land. It is something to say, I long for house.

"May 17t—Dis evening Isat looking the sun go down. I tot of mijn geliefde vader land and I cried. Some one asked me what ailed me, but I am not crazy, I shall it not on their nose let hang, want they will tink it does not fit me to cry.

"May 19t—A little girl came and gived me a peper mint. I said "tank you very." She luffed, I knowed not why, but den such funny tings do happen.

"May 20de—I saw a young mijnheer with a clean young juffer up his arm. Haar clean-vader-to-be sat a little behind dem, looking to her. I dot I'll go and talk to de man for it isn't a little bite to have a clean-vader sit you after the trousers, as I know of mijn own experiment in frying. I goed to him and had it on de stick wid him. 'It doesn't stick so narrow as your dauter sits wid that man. He comes there bold off, when you be there, dat man is by his little finger, he has the hit of it to fry. It is time for you old man to pull up.' While I talked by him he laughed and I thought he held me for the crazy. 'Around the lid, don't stick me de fool on. You are smooth wrong, it may not

#### Children's Readings.

ONE CANNOT be too critical regarding the reading that teachers and sometimes parents place in the child's hands. The majority of children are very imaginative, and if their imagination is properly trained all will be well; but if they are fed with trash, what will be the result?

The question is superfluous. We all know that many criminals took their first lesson from some injurious book or paper, where vice was made attractive and which caused him to read other pernicious books, and so led him to commit crime.

A nervous child especially should be guarded against exciting and improbable fairy tales or romances, for they make persons excited, and some even dream about it all night.

I read in last week's paper that physicians say that when a child is brought to them with St. Vitus dance, one of their first inquiries is what matter the parents allow their child to read. From my own observation I can give instances of the harm done by trashy literature. Only one year ago the newspapers reported that the civilized world was startled by the most dreadful death of a little girl, being tied to a stake and burned by her two brothers. They were "playing cannibals" imitating the scenes as pictured in a book on Indian life. As it happened while the mother was absent the child was fatally burned before help came from the neighbors.

I am not positive, but I believe the oldest child was only seven or eight years old. Imagine the remorse of those boys as they grew up to manhood and realized the grievous wrong of their deed. The thought will never leave them, but will always form some horrible vision before their minds. But now, who is to blame? I think the parents, because what is the use to give small children such frightful

stand you to your hood, but you can make me nothing wise. I am on de height of it dat you faders don't like to have your sons marry.' I was not hooded well, and I tell ye it went me there along. I scolded him, and he was wholly of his piece. I would have hitted him wid my tumstick, but I said to myself, 'Keep yourself tough.' A man just turned de korner round and sticked de lamps on so he dayed up. The meid almost falled from herself. When I talked to the heid, his son than had me sore for scolding the old man.

"May 22ste—Dis morning it was cold and the sky was pulled, but de weather shoot-ed up and nu it is such clean weather.

"May 24—It is something to say; there was a big hole in my sok, so I had to stop it, mit mijn finger-hat I probeered it, but it went me there along. It comes there up on to have a vrouw to does dis for you. In Holland I wored them till all vas holes, den when I had some money I got some others, but here I couldn't get any and my coffer was gone. An old woman sat near me having it on de stick wid me. She told me to day up, then she wouldn't stick me de fool on. She was me there one and tolsted me her darning stickked off wid mijn. I said, 'Dan moet je het maar voor mijn dwan, yer.' She said it was not a little bit, but she did it, and I tell je, she had the hit of it.

"May 25—A sore heavy wind blue today. The weather was sharp, we were all bang, the woman's looked there pale out, and sat there over in.

"May 30—It does not fall me there along to write in English, and I'm glad I'm tru. I thought in a few weeks I could speak from the firt away. I asked a man yesterday to tell me how to write somding, he helped me and is friendly bethanked for telling me. I must up hold now with writing."

C. A. P.

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pictures. I even now seem to hear the cry of a boy which I heard about two years ago: "O mother, mother! The Indians!" and then he jumped out of bed and stood before the window with eyes twice as large as usual, and then he rushed into bed again and buried his head in the pillow to shut out the thought of terrible things that he had read.

There are so many books that one need not waste time in reading. First, do not neglect to have a child's Bible in the house. But let it be one that uses simple language. Avoid those that have horrible pictures in them as Jezebel eaten by dogs, David beheading Goliath, etc., for they are unfit to be placed before very young children. Well do I remember the picture which seems to have been burned on my mind in my boyhood. I think the following books are safe to read, Louisa M. Alcott, Margaret Songster, the lives of Washington and Lincoln and many others of such precious books. For a pure instructive and entertaining child's paper, none can equal The Youth's Companion, which is the oldest weekly paper for boys and girls. N. K. '98.



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### Editorial.

IN THIS issue we give our readers a few glimpses into the interior of our home. We have selected the four rooms which seems to us would be most interesting to our readers. Although the pictures are but imperfect representations of the rooms themselves, and as such would give an unfair impression of them, yet we suppose, if we may ask the kind indulgence of our readers to stretch their imagination a little, they can get a general idea of our fair habitation. The pictures are mere glimpses of the rooms as such photography necessarily must be, and the unadjusted light makes them appear somewhat blurred and undistinct.

The furniture of the Chapel—the organ, chairs and pulpit—and also of the Recitation room is a donation from friends in the East. They have supplied



all the recitation rooms and the reading room with desks and the necessary chairs and benches. Our Library is a donation of Mrs. Rapelye of New York, whence its name, "Rapelye Library." It contains books on almost any subject of both ancient and modern authors. All the rooms are lighted by electricity and heated by steam—well ventilated and in every respect comfortable and healthy.

We take especial pride in presenting this to the readers of THE CLASSIC, knowing the many privileges we now enjoy over against those of but two years hence. While then we were closed up within the dim walls of small and poorly ventilated rooms, we now enjoy the healthy atmosphere of those spacious recitation rooms. In every respect our position has been very much improved, so that we feel that we but half appreciate the privileges we now enjoy.

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THERE ARE times in life when our rights, without respect of person or circumstance, must be boldly and fearlessly maintained, when any encroachment must be punished by the severest penalty; but then again there are times when we must be lenient and suasive, when all the fierceness of the lion must be changed to the mildness of the lamb. We can not afford to be clad continually in the armor of war, at times we must exercise patience—be merciful. Constant severity eliminates our influence for good in the world; it sets us apart from our fellow beings by unapproachable walls of defiance. Imperfect man must be willing to forbear the imperfections of others. There is no better word in our English language than the word *mercy*. It rises above the general level of the human—it partakes of the Divine. Mercy, from its nature, is unselfish—it is the forbearing and sustaining power of humanity, it breathes forgiveness to the penitent child of sin.

The hardest lesson for man to learn is that he does not live for himself alone, that his highest good lies in self sacrifice. Human nature is estranged from it, and has become the inheritance of violence and revenge. It is needless to say how much trouble and remorse this often causes. Even in our own literary society of late we have reaped the sad fruits of that inconsiderate, selfish clamor for "our rights." We must often forbear to do or say certain things which might offend our neighbor for his sake. "The truth may always be said" is an old and oft repeated saying, but it is not true. Although truth is always better than falsehood, it is not always better than silence. The phrase is often used to cover up the guilt of tattling, or tale-bearing, and as such it is wrong. We must forbear even to tell the truth in some case. A man who truly loves his neighbor will not injure him by telling abroad his faults and defects, but, if necessary, will inform him privately in the spirit of brotherhood.

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#### LOOK HERE!

If you find a blue pencil mark through this article, remember that your subscription to THE CLASSIC is due. Please settle up as soon as possible!!

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#### Locals.

Our locals are some what limited this time, owing to the small number of willing workers, and the large number of unfriendly critics.

Mr. Jansma '96 visited the Academy last Thursday morning.

Prof in Latin: "What is the distinction between a homo and a vir?"

Miss D—J—: "Homo is a lower animal, and vir is a man." Our lady student must have been reading Darwin.

A new American poet has been discov-





ered by the Junior class. His latest runs thus:

"I can skate," was what she hinted,  
 "I can skate," I heard her say,  
 "But alone I sure should stumble  
 If to skate I should essay."

Rev. W. J. Skillman of Philadelphia, formerly a teacher of the Academy, sent a valuable collection of books; also a copy of THE CHURCH and STATE, a lively weekly, of which he is an associate editor. The paper is independent in politics and is full of clean, unprejudiced intelligence on the important subjects of the time.

Our Principal is again called away in the financial interests of the Academy. During his absence Rev. J. L. De Young takes charge of his classes in History and Dutch.

Senior Van Wyk has again abandoned his lodgings in town, and is now boarding at his home in the country.

Prof.: "Compare the adjective *ill*."  
 Student: "Ill, worse, dead."

"When will you come again?" she questioned with a sigh. "I'll never more return" was his reply.

Eow a "C" student loves his studies is shown by the following lines from his note book:

"I hope the time will now soon be  
 When Algebra will be off to sea;  
 When Latin, Greek will be no more;  
 But Dutch still clinging to our shore."

Prof. (day after the show). "Mr. H. you've been paying too much attention to the law of *domestic relations*."

The "Cs" have passed their first mile post in Latin. Examination on "Beginners Book" occurred last Friday.

Van Bruggen of the "D" class may be detained from school because his father needs his assistance.

Boeve and Van Peursem were among the "jolly farmers" in the "Merry Milkmaids" cantata, while Miss Huizenga made a very pretty "Dairy maid."

Some students have forgotten to their sorrow that visiting pool rooms is a violation of one of our school rules.

The Seniors have been taking a taste of the weary (Viri) men of Rome during the latter part of this term. They will, however, resume their old work at Cicero soon.

\* \*

### De Alumnis.

'85. Rev. Henry Hoppers, of Clymer, N. Y., has a call to Gibbsville, Wis.

'90. In addition to his theological studies at Princeton, Jno. Vande Erve is taking work for the degree of A. M. Congratulations. A degree from Princeton is worth the having. It is *pro merito*, you know.

'93. Sarah Hoppers recently visited Rock Valley friends.

'95. Gertrude Harmeling teaches school at Marion S. D.

'96. Hattie Hoppers recently taught school *pro tem*. We are confident that she makes a genial school ma'am.

Arie DeBoer moved with his parents to a farm in the northwestern part of the county. His postoffice address is Elm Springs, Iowa.

### EFTING IS NO MORE.

For the first time are our alumni called upon to mourn the loss of one of their number. For the first time does THE CLASSIC have the sorrowful duty to record the death of one who once was a prominent contributor.

John Henry Eefting, of the class of 1895, having spent last year and part of this at Hope College, was recently in the employ of Siegel Cooper & Co., Chicago. As he had been planning for some time, about the eleventh of March he started for Florida, to seek his fortune in the sunny South. At some place in Indiana the train fell through a bridge into the

river, and Eefting was among the victims of the wreck. Up to the latest reports his body was not yet found.

Full of hope and ambition, he left us less than two short years ago. He was a student of more than average ability; and promised to become a ready writer and effective speaker. His command of language was exceptional. Beneath the somewhat restless exterior there was a kind heart. No unkind thought need cross over minds as we mourn the loss of the bright boy of '95.

[We are not familiar enough with the facts to give a sketch of his life as yet.]

### IN MEMORIAM.

It is with heavy hearts that we, in our feeble way attempt to express our deepest grief that the ranks of our class have been broken. We feel that in the death of John Henry Eefting, we have lost a friend, whose place can never be filled. His peculiarities were those resulting from an impulsive nature, and the more intimately one learned to know him, the more of his faults became virtues. He was a friend true as steel, his services ever at one's bidding. It was his highest ambition to be a champion for the oppressed and to uphold truth and justice—thus to serve his Maker. Though his sphere of usefulness might have been great and though we deeply mourn his loss, yet we confide only in the rulings of our all-wise Providence.

We, therefore, express our heart-felt sympathy with the bereaved family.

THE CLASS OF '95.

\* \*

### Exchange.


A good student is known by three things: "He can begin to study when he doesn't like it; he can study when he would rather quit; he can quit when he ought to."—Ex.

A certain student sums up college life thus:

Half an hour of napping,  
 Half an hour of fun,  
 Three and twenty hours of works  
 And then the day is done.—Ex.

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